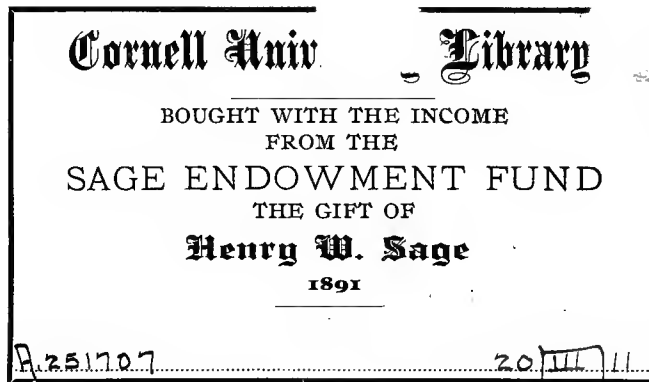


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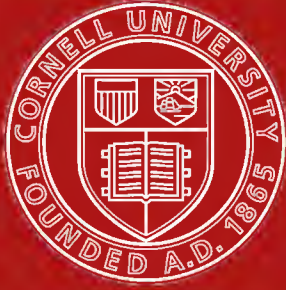
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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The London Prodigal

“By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE”

Date of Earliest Known Edition 1605

[B.M. Press-mark, C. 34, l. 3]

Next issued in the third Shakespeare folio 1664

Reproduced in Facsimile 1910

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The London Prodigal

“By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE”

1605

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMX

F₂

The London Prodigal

“ By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE ”

1605

This is one of the “ doubtful ” Shakespearean plays, and was first issued in 1605 with “ By William Shakespeare ” on the title-page. It was not entered on the books of the Stationers’ Company.

The play was not included in the folio of 1623, and, apparently, was not reprinted until its appearance in the third folio, in 1664, with six other plays of uncertain Shakespearean authorship.

The discussion of the problem thus raised does not fall within the scope of the present undertaking.

*Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile with the original copy, says :—
“ The paper is thin in the original, and the ink shows through more or less in various places. This has made a difficulty as usual, the facsimile inevitably exaggerating the effect of this sometimes. Apart from a few blemishes of this kind there is nothing but praise to be spoken of the facsimiles.”*

JOHN S. FARMER.

THE LONDON

Prodigall.

As it was plaide by the Kings Maie-
sties seruants.

By *William Shakespeare,*



LONDON.

Printed by T. C. for *Nathaniel Butter*, and
are to be sold neere *S. Austins gate*,
at the signe of the pyde Bull.

1605.



THE LONDON Prodigall.

Enter old Flowerdale and his brother.

Fath. Brother from *Venice*, being thus disguisde,
I come to proue the humours of my sonne:
How hath he borne himselfe since my departure,
I leauing you his patrone and his guide?

Vuck. Ifaith brother so, as you will grieue to heare,
And I almost ashamde to report it.

Fath. Why how ist brother? what doth he spend
Beyond the allowance I left him?

Vuck. How! beyond that? and farre more: why, your exhibiti-
on is nothing, hee hath spent that, and since hath borrowed,
 protested with oathes, alledged kindred to wring mony from
me, by the loue I bore his father, by the fortunes might fall
vpon himself, to furnish his wants: that done, I haue had since,
his bond, his friend and friends bond, altho I knowe that hee
spends is yours; yet it grieues me to see the vnbridled wildnes
that raines ouer him.

Fath. Brother, what is the manner of his life? howe is the
name of his offences? if they do not rellish altogether of dam-
nation, his youth may priuledge his wantonnesse: I my selfe
ranne an vnbrideled course till thirtie, nay almost till fortie,
well, you see how I am: for vice once looked into with the eies
of discretion, and well balanced with the waites of reason, the
course past, seemes so abhominable, that the Landlord of him-
selfe, which is the heart of his body, will rather intombe him-

The London Prodigall.

self in the earth, or seek a new Tenat to remaine in him, which once settled, how much better are they that in their youth haue knowne all these vices, and lest it, then those that knewe little, and in their age runnes into it? Beleeue me brother, they that dye most vertuous, hath in their youth, liued most vicious, and none knowes the danger of the fire, more then he that fallēs into it: But say, how is the course of his life? lets heare his particulars.

Vnck. Why Ile tell you brother, hee is a continual swearer, And a breaker of his oathes, which is bad.

Vnck. I grant indeed to sweare is bad, but not in keeping those oathes is better for who will set by a bad thing?

Fath. Nay by my faith, I hold this rather a vertue then a vice, Well, I pray proceede. (the worst.

Vnck. He is a mighty brawler, and comes commonly by

Fath. By my faith this is none of the worst neither, for if he Brawle and be beaten for it, it wil in time make him shunne it: For what brings man or child, more to vertue, then correctiō? What raignes ouer him else? (selfe.

Vnck. He is a great drinker, and one that will forget him

Fath. O best of all, vice should be forgotten: let him drink So he drinke not churches. (on,

Vnck. Nay and this be the worst, I hold it rather a happines in him, Then any iniquity. Hath he any more attendants?

Vnck. Brother, he is one that will borrow of any man.

Fath. Why you see so doth the sea, it borrowes of all the smal Currents in the world, to encrease himselfe.

Vnck. I, but the sea paies it againe, and so will neuer your son.

Fath. No more would the sea neither, if it were as dry as my sonne.

Vnck. Then brother, I see you rather like these vices in your Then any way condemne them. (sonne,

Fath. Nay mistake me not brother, for tho I slur them ouer now,

As things slight and nothing, his crimes being in the budde, It would gall my heart, they should euer raigne in him.

Flaw. Ho! whoes within he?

Flowerdale knockes within.

Vnck. That

The London Truagall.

Unck. That's your sonne, hee is come to borrowe more money.

Fash. For Godfake giue it out I am dead, see how hee take it, Say I haue brought you newes from his father, I haue here drawne a formall will, as it were from my selfe, Which he deliuer him.

Vnck. Goetoq brother, no mores I will.

Flow. Vnckle, where are you Vnckle within,

Vnck. Let my cousen in there.

Fash. I am a Sayler come from Venice, and my name is
(Christopher.

Enter Flowerdale.

Flow. By the Lord, in truth Vnckle.

Vnck. In truth would a seru'd cousen, without the Lord.

Flow. By your leaue Vnckle, the Lord, is the Lord of truth, A couple of rascalles at the gate, set vpon me for my purse.

Unck. You neuer come, but you bring a brawle in your mouth.

Flow. By my truth Vnckle, you must needes lend me tenne
(pound.

Vnck. Giue my cousen some small beere here.

Flow. Nay looke you, you turne it to a iest now, by this light, I should ryde to Croydon fayre, to meete syt Lancelot Sparrock, I should haue his daughter Luce, and for seury Tenne pound, a man shall loose nine hundred three-score and oddde pounds, and a daily friend beside, by this hande Vnckle tis true.

Vnck. Why, any thing is true for ought I know.

Flow. To see now: why you shall haue my bond Vnckle, or Tom Whites, Iames Brocky: or Nick Halls, as good rapyer and dagger men, as any be in England, lets be dambn'd if wee doe not pay you, the worst of vs all will not damne our selues for ten pound. A poxe of ten pound.

Unck. Cousen, this is not the first time I haue belecu'd you.

Flow. Why trust me now, you know not what may fall: None thing were but true, I would not greatly care,

THE LONDON PROLOGUE.

I should not neede ten pound, but when a man cannot be beleueed, ther's it.

Vnck. Why what is it coufen?

Flow. Mary this Vnckle, can you tell me if the Katern-hue be come home or no?

Vnck. I mary ist.

Flow. By God I thanke you for that newes. What ist in the poole can you tell?

Vnck. It is, what of that?

Flow. What? why then I haue fixe peeces of vellet sent me Ile giue you a peece Vnckle: for thus said the letter, A peece of Ash colour, a three pilde black, a colourde deroy, A crimson, a sad greene, and a purple: yes yfaith.

Vnck. From whom should you receiue this?

Flow. From who? why from my father? with commendations to you Vnckle, and thus he writes: I know faith he, thou hast much troubled thy kinde Vnckle, whom God-willing at my returne I will see amply satisfied: Amply, I remember was the very word; so God helpe me.

Vnck. Haue you the letter here?

Flow. Yes I haue the letter here, here is the letter: no, yes, no let me see, what breechs wore I a Satterday: let me see, a Tuesday, my Calymanka, a Wednesday, my peach colour Sattin, a Thursday my Vellure, a Friday my Callmanka againe, a Satterday, let me see a Satterday, for in those breeches I wore a Satterday is the letter: O my ryding breeches Anckle, those that you thought had bene vellet, In those very breeches is the letter.

Vnck. When should it be dated?

Flow. Mary *Didicimo tertios septembris*, no no, *trydisimo tertios Octobris*, I *Octobris*, so it is.

Vnck. *Didicimo tertios Octobris*: and here receiue I a letter that your father dyed in Iune: how say you Kestert?

Fath. Yes truly syr, your father is dead, these hands of mine ho'pe to winde him.

Flow. Dead?

Fath. I syr dead.

Flow. Sblood, how should my father come dead?

Fath. Yfaith

The London Prodigall.

Fath. Yfaith syr according to the old Proverbe,
The childe was borne: and cryed, became man,
After fell sicke, and dyed.

Vnck. Nay cousen doe not take it so heavily.

Flow. Nay I cannot weepe you extempory, mary some
two or three dayes hence, I shall weep without any stintance.
But I hope he dyed in good memory. (der,

Fath. Very well syr, and set downe every thing in good or-
And the Katherine and Hue you talkt of, I came ouer in:
And I saw all the billes of lading, and the vellet
That you talkt of, there is no such aboard.

Flow. By God I assure you, then there is knauery abroad.

Fath. Ile be sworne of that: ther's knauery abroad,
Altho there were neuer a peece of vellet in Venice.

Flow. I hope he dyed in good estate. (will,

Fath. To the report of the world he did, and made his
Of which I am an vnworthy bearer.

Flow. His will, haue you his will:

Fath. Yes syr, and in the presence of your Vnckle,
I was willed to deliuer it.

Vnck. I hope cousen, now God hath blessed you with
wealth, you will not be vnmindfull of me.

Flow. Ile doe reason Vnckle, yet yfaith I take the deniall
of this tennepound very hardly.

Vnck. Nay I denyde you not.

Flow. By God you denide me directly.

Vnck. Ile be iudge by this good-fellowe.

Fath. Not directly syr.

Flow. Why he said he would lend me none, and that had
wont to be a direct denyall, if the old phrase holde:
Well Vnckle, come weele fall to the Legasies,
In the name of God, Amen.

Item, I bequeath to my brother *Flowerdale*, three hundred
pounds, to pay such triuall debts as I owe in *London*.

Item, to my sonne *Mat Flowerdale*, I bequeath two bayle of
false dyce, *Videlliced*, high men, and loe men, fullomes, stop
cater traies, and other bones of function.

Flow. Sblood what doth he meane by this?

Vnck. Procee

The London Prodigall.

Vnck. Proceede counsell.

Fath.

Flow. These precepts I leaue him, let him borrow of his
For of his word no body will trust him.
Let him by no meanes marry an honest woman,
For the other will keepe her selfe.
Let him steale as much as he can, that a guilty conscience
May bring him to his destinate repentance,
I thinke he meanes hanging. And this were his last will and
Testament, the Diuell stood laughing at his beddes feete
while he made it. Sblood, what doth hee thinke to fop of his
posteritie with Paradoxes.

Fath. This he made fyr with his owne hands.

Flow. I, well, nay come good Vnckle, let me haue this ten
pound, I imagine you haue lost it, or robd of it, or misreckond
your selfe so much: any way to make it come easily off, good
Vnckle.

Vnck. Not a penny.

Fath. Yfaith lend it him fyr, I my selfe haue an estate in the
Citie worth twenty pound, all that ile ingage for him, he faith
it concerns him in a marriage.

Flow. I marry doth it, this is a fellow of some sence, this:
Come good Vnckle,

Vnck. Will you giue your word for it *Keslere*

Fath. I will fyr, willingly.

Vnck. Well counsell, come to me some hower hence, you shall
haue it readie.

Flow. Shall I not faile?

Vnck. You shall not, come or send.

Flow. Nay ile come my selfe.

Fath. By my troath, would I were your worships man.

Flow. What wouldst thou serue?

Fath. Very willingly fyr.

Flow. Why ile tell thee what thou shalt doe, thou faith thou
hast twentie pound, goe into *Burchin Lane*, put thy selfe into
cloathes, thou shalt ride with me to *Croyden fayre*.

Fath. I thanke you fyr, I will attend you.

Flow. Well Vnckle, you will not faile me an hower hence?

Vnck. I will not counsell.

Flow. Whats

The London Prodigall.

Flaw. Whats thy name *Kester*?

Fash. I syr.

Flaw. Well, provide thy selfe *Vackie* farewell till anon.

Exit Flowerdale.

Vnck. Brother, how doe you like your sonnes?

Fash. Yfaith brother, like a mad vnbridled colt,

Or as a Hawke, that neuer stoop d to aduise.

The one must be tamde with an yron byt,

The other must be watched, or still she is wilde,

Such is my sonne, awhile let him be so:

For counsell still is folliet deadly foe.

He serueth his youth, for youth must haue his course:

For being restrainde, it makes him ten times worse:

His pride, his ryot, all that may be named,

Time may recall, and all his madnesse tamed.

Enter syr *Lancelot*, Maister *Weathercocke*, *Daffidill*,

Artichoke, *Lance*, and *Francke*.

Lance. Syr, ha *Artichoke*, get you home before,

And as you proued your selfe a calfe in bying,

Drine home your fellow calves that you haue bought.

Arti. Yes forsooth, shall not my fellow *Daffidill* goe along
(with me.

Lance. No syr, no, I must haue one to waite on me.

Arti. *Daffidill*, farewell good fellow *Daffidill*,

You may see mistresse, I am set vp by the halues,

In steed of waiting on you, I am sent to drine home calves.

Lance. Yfaith *Francke*, I must turne away this *Daffidill*,

Hees growne a very foolish sawcie fellow.

Fran. Indeed law father, he was so since I had him:

Before he was wise enough, for a foolish seruing-man.

Wea. But what say you to me syr *Lancelot*?

Lance. O, about my daughters, wel I will goe forward,

Heers two of them God gaue them, but the third,

O shees a stranger in her course of life,

Shee hath refused you Maister *Weathercocke*.

Wea. I by the Rood syr *Lancelot* that she hath.

But had she tride me, she should a found a man of me indeed.

Lance. Nay be not angry syr, at her deniall,

B

She

The London Prodigall.

Shee hath refus'de seauen of the worshipfullst and worthiest
house-keepers this day in *Kent*:

Indeed she will not marry I suppose.

Wea. The more foole she.

Lance. What is it folly to loue Charities?

Wea. No mistake me not syr *Lancelot*,

But tis an old prouerbe, and you know it well,

That women dying maides, lead apes in hell.

Lance. That's a foolish prouerbe, and a false.

Wea. By the masse I thinke it be, and therefore let it goe:
But who shall marry with mistresse *Frances*?

Fran. By my troath they are talking of marrying me sister.

Luce. Peace, let them talke:

Fooles may haue leaue to prattle as they walke.

Daff. Senteſſes still sweet mistresse,

You haue a wit, and it were your Alliblaſter,

Luce. Yfaith and thy tongue trips trench-more.

Lance. No of my knight-hood, not a shuter yet:

Alas God helpe her sillie girle, a foole, a verie foole:

But thers the other black-browes a shroad girle,

Shee hath wit at will, and shutters two or three:

Syr *Arthur Greenshield* one, a gallant knight,

A valiant Souldier, but his power but poore.

Then thers yong *Oliver*, the *Deuon-shyre* lad,

A wary fellow, marry full of wit,

And rich by the rood, but thers a third all aire,

Light as a feather, changing as the wind: young *Flowerdale*:

Wea. O hee syr, hees a desperate dick indeed:

Barre him your house.

Lance. Fye not so, hees of good parentage:

Wea. By my faie and so he is, and a proper man.

Lance. I proper enough, had he good qualities.

Wea. I marrie, thers the point syr *Lancelot*:

For thers an old saying,

Be he rich, or be he poore,

Be he hye, or be he lowe:

Be he borne in barne or hall,

Tis maners makes the man and all.

Lance. You:

The London Prodigall.

Lance. You are in the right maister *Weathercock*,

Enter Mounſier Ciuert.

Ciuert. Soule, I thinke I am ſure croſſed,
Or witcht with an owle, I haue banted them: Inne after Inne,
booth, after booth, yet cannot finde them, ha yonder they are,
thats ſhe, I hope to God tis ſhee, nay I know tis ſhee now, for
ſhe treads her ſhooe a little awry.

Lance. Where is this Inne? we are paſt it *Daffidill*. (before.

Daffidill. The good ſigne is heere ſyr, but the back gate is

Ciuert. Saue you ſyr, I pray may I borrow a peece of a
word with you?

Daff. No peeces ſyr.

Ciu. Why then the whole.

I pray ſyr, what may yonder gentlewomen be?

Daff. They may be Ladies ſyr, if the deſtinies and mortalities

Ciu. Whats her name ſyr. (worke.

Daff. *Maſtreſſe Frances Spurcocks*, ſyr *Launceſſ Spurcocks*

Ciu. Is ſhe a maid ſyr? (daughter.

Daff. You may aſke *Pluto*, and dame *Proſerpine* that;

I would be loth to be ridelled ſyr.

Ciu. Is ſhe married I meane ſyr?

Daff. The Fates knowes not yet what ſhoe-maker ſhall
make her wedding ſhooes.

Ciu. I pray where Inne you ſyr? I would be very glad to be-
ſtowe the wine of that gentlewoman.

Daff. At the *George* ſyr.

Ciu. God ſaue you ſyr.

Daff. I pray your name ſyr?

Ciu. My name is maister *Ciuert* ſyr.

Daff. A ſweet name, God be with you good maister *Ciuert*.

Exit Ciuert.

Lance. A, haue we ſpide you ſtout *S. George*?

For all your dragon, you had beſt ſelles good wines

That needs no yuie-buſh, well, weele not ſit by it,

As you do on your horſe, this roome ſhall ſerue?

Drawer, let me haue ſacke for vs old men:

For theſe girles and knaues ſmall wines are beſt.

The London Prodigall.

A pinte of sacke, no more.

Draw. A quart of sack in the three Tunnes,

Lance. A pinte, draw but a pinte *Daffidill*,

Call for wine to make your selues drunke,

Fran. And a cup of small beere, and a cake good *Daffidill*.

Enter young Flowerdale.

Flow. How now, sye, lit in the open roome, now good syr *Lancelot*, & my kind friend worshipfull Maister *Weathercock*,

What at your pinte, a quart for shame.

Lance. Nay, Royler by your leave we will away.

Flow. Come, giues some Musicke, weele goe dance,

Begone syr *Lancelot*, what, and fayre day too.

Lance. I were fowly done, to dance within the fayre.

Flow. Nay if you say so, fairest of all fayres,

Then I rembrance, a poxe vpon my taylor,

He hath spoyled me a peach colour, fatten shute,

Cut vpon cleath of siluer, but if euer the Rascall serue me such

an other tricke, Ile giue him leaue yfath to put me in the ca-

lender of foole, and you, and you, syr *Lancelot*, and Maister

Weathercock, my gold-smyth too on comber side, I bespoke thee

Luca, a carkenet of gold, and thought thou shouldst haue it

for a faying, and the Rogue puts me in raiages for Oryant

Pearle: but thou shalt haue it by Sunday night wench.

Enter the Drawer.

Draw. Syr, here is one hath sent you a peeble of rennish wine, brewed with Rose-water.

Flow. To me?

Draw. No syr to the knight, and desires his more acquaint-

Lance. To me? what, he that proues for kind a (tance.

Daff. I haue a trick to know his name syr, (A. C.

He hath a moneths mind here to mistresse *Frances*, his name is Maister *Guer*.

Lance. Call him in *Daffidill*.

Flow. O, I know him syr, he is a foole,

But reasonable rich, his father was one of these lease-mongers,

these corne-monger, these mony-mongers, but he neuer had

the wit to be a whore-monger.

Enter Maister Guer.

Lance. I

The London Prodigall.

Lance. I promise you syr, you are at too much charge.

Cyner. The charge is small charge syr,
I thanke God my father left me wherewithall, if it please you
syr, I haue a great mind to this gentlewoman here, in the way
(of marriage.

Lance. I thanke you syr: please you come to *Leuisme* to my
poore house, you shall be kindly welcome: I knewe your fa-
ther, he was a wary husband: to paie here Drawer.

Draw. All is paid syr: this gentleman hath paid all.

Lance. Yfaith you do vs wrong,
But we shall liue to make amends ere long.
Maister Flowerdale, is that your man?

Flow. Yes faith, a good old knaue.

Lance. Nay then I thinke you will turne wife,
Now you take such a seruant:

Come, youle ride with vs to *Leuisme*, lets away,

Tis scarce two howres to the end of day. *(Exit Omnes.)*

*Enter syr Arthur Green-shood, Olyuer, Lieu-
tenant and Souldiers.*

Aur. Lieustenant, leade your Souldiers to the ships,
There let them haue their coates, at their arrivall
They shall haue pay: farewell, looke to your charge.

Sol. I, we are now sent away, and cannot so much as speake
with our friends.

Oh. No man whatere you vsed a zutch a fashion, thicke
you cannot take your leaue of your vreens.

Aur. Fellow no more, Lieustenant lead them off.

Sol. Well, if I haue not my pay and my cloathes,
Ile venture a running away tho I hang fort.

Aur. Away surrha, charme your tongue,

Exit Souldiers,

Oh. Bin and you a presser syr?

Aur. I am a commander syr vnder the King.

Oh. Sfoot man, and you bee nere zutch a commander
Shuda spoke with my vreens before I chid agone, so shud.

Aur. Conrent your selfe man, my authority will stretch
to presse so good a man as you.

Oh. Presse mee! deuye, presse scoundrells, and thy messells:

The London Prodigall.

Presse me, chee scornes thee yfaith: For seest thee, heres a worshipfull knight knowes, cham not to be pressed by thee.

*Enter syr Lancelot Weathercocke, yong Flowerdale,
old Flowerdale, Luce, Franck,*

Lance. Syr *Arthur*, welcome to *Lewsome*, welcome by my
Whats the matter man, why are you vext? (troath,

Oh. Why man he would presse me.

Lance. O Fie syr *Arthur*, presse him: he is man of reckoning.

Wea. I that he is syr *Arthur*, he hath the nobles,
The golden ruddockes he.

Ar. The fitter for the warres: and were he not in fauour
With your worships, he should see,
That I haue power to presse so good as he.

Oh. Chill stand to the triall, so chill.

Flow. I marry shall he, presse-cloath and karsie,
White pot and drowlen broath: tut, tut, he cannot.

Oh. Well syr, tho you see vlouten cloath and karsie, chee a
zeene zutch a karsie coate weare out the towne sick a zilken
Iacket, as thick a one you weare.

Flow. Well sed vlitan vlattan.

Oh. A and well sed cocknell, and boe-bell too: what doest
thincke cham a veards of thy zilken coate, no fer vere thee.

Lance. Nay come no more, be all louers and friends.

Yea. I tis best so, good maister *Ohner*.

Flow. Is your name maister *Oliver* I pray you?

Oh. What tit and be tit, and grieue you.

Flow. No but Ide gladly know if a man might not haue a
foolish plot out of maister *Oliver* to worke vpon.

Oh. Worke thy plots vpon me, stand a side, worke thy
foolish plots vpon me, chil so vse thee, thou weart neuer so
vsed since thy damie bound thy head, worke vpon me?

Flow. Let him come, let him come.

Oh. Zyrha, zyrha, if it were not vor shame, chee would a
giuen

The London Prodigall.

giuen thee zutch a whister poope vnder the eare, chee would
a made thee a vanged an other at my feete : stand a side let
me loose, chaun all of a vlaming fire-brand; Stand aside,

Flow. Well I forbear you for your friends sake.

Oly. Avig for all my vreens, doest thou tell me of my
(vreens?

Lance. No more good maister *Oliuer*, no more syr *Arthur*,
And maiden, here in the sight of all your shuters, euery man
of worth, let tell you whom I fainest would preferre to the
hard bargine of your marriage bed: shall I be plaine among
you gentlemen?

Arty. I syr tis best.

Lance. Then syr, first to you, I doe confesse you a most
gallant knight, a worthy souldier, and an honest man: but ho-
nestie maintaines a french-hood, goes very seldome in a chain
of gold, keepes a small traine of seruants: hath fewe friends:
and for this wilde oates here, young *Flowerdale*, I will not
iudge, God can worke myracles, but hee were better make a
hundred new, then thee a thrifty and an honest one.

Wea. Belceue me he hath byt you there, he hath touched
you to the quicke, that hath he.

Flow. Woodcocke a my side, why maister *Weathercocke*:
you know I am honest, howsoener trifles.

Wea. Now by my troath, I knowe no otherwise,

O your old mother was a dame indeed:

Heauen hath her soule, and my wiues too I trust:

And your good father, honest gentleman,

He is gone a Iourney as I heare, far hence.

Flow. I God be praised, he is far enough,

He is gone a pylgrimage to Paradice.

And left me to cut a caper against care,

Luce looke on me that am as light as ayre.

Luce. Yfaith I like not shadowes, bubbles, broath,

I hate a light a loue, as I hate death.

Lance. Gyrle hold thee there: looke on this Deuen-styre
(lad:

Fat, faire, and louely, both in purse and person,

Oly. Well!

The London Prodigall.

Oly. Well syr, chame as the Lord hath made me,
You know me well yuine, cha haue three-score packe a kar-
say, and blackem hal, and chiefe credit beside, and my fortunes
may be so good as an others, zot it may.

Lance. Tis you I loue, whatsoeuer others say?

Ar. Thanks fayrest.

Flow. What wouldst thou haue me quarrell with him?

Fash. Doe but say he shall heare from you.

Lance. Yet gentleman, howsoeuer I preferre this Deuen-
shyre shuter,

Ile enforce no loue, my daughter shall haue liberty to choose
whom she likes best, in your loue shute proceed;

Not all of you, but onely one must speed.

Wsa. You haue sed well; indeed right well.

Enter Artychocaky.

Arty. Mistresse heeres one would speake with you, my
fellow *Daffidill* hath him in the sellor already, he knowes him,
he met him at *Croyden* fayre.

Lance. O I remember a little man.

Arty. Ia very little man.

Lance. And yet a proper man.

Arty. A very proper, very little man.

Lance. His name? Mounfier *Ciort*.

Arty. The same syr.

Lance. Come Gentlemen, if other shuters come,
My foolish daughter will be fitted too:
But *Delia* my sante, no man dare moue.

*Exit at all his young Flowerdale and Olyuer,
and old Flowerdale.*

Flow. Harke you syr, a word.

Oly. What ha an you to say to me now?

Flow. Ye shall heare from me, and that very shortly.

Oly. Is that all, vare thee well, chee, vere thee not, a vig.

Exit Olyuer.

Flow. What if should come more? I am fairely dresse.

Fash. I doe not meane that you shall meete with him,
But presently wee le goe and draw a will:
Where wee le set downe land, that we neuer sawe,

And

The London Prodigall.

And we will haue it of so large a summe,
Syr *Lancelot* shall intreat you take his daughter:
This being formed, giue it maister *Weathercocke*,
And make syr *Lancelots* daughter heire of all:
And make him sweare; neuer to show the will
To any one, vntil that you be dead.
This done, the foolish changing *Weathercocke*,
Will straight discourse vnto syr *Lancelot*,
The forme and tenor of your Testament,
Nor stand to pause of it, be u'de by mee:
What will inshue, that shall you quickly see.

Flou. Come lets about it; if that a will sweet *Kyr*,
Can get the wench, I shall renoune thy wit.

Exit omnes.

Enter Daffidill.

Daff. Mistresse still froward?
No kind lookes vnto your *Daffidill*, now by the Gods.

Luce. Away you foolish knaue, let my hand goe.

Daff. There is your hand, but this shall goe with me:
My heart is thine, this is my true loues fee.

Luce. He haue your coate stript ore your eares for this,
You sawcie rascall.

Enter Lancelot and Weathercocke.

Lance. How new maid, what is the newes with you?

Luce. Your man is something sawcie. *Exit Luce.*

Lance. Goe too syr rha, He talke with you anon.

Daff. Syr I am a man to be talked withall,
I am no horse I tro:

I know my strength, then no more then so.

Vvea. A by the matkins, good syr *Lancelot*, I saw him the
other day hold vp the bucklers, like an *Hercules*,
Ifaith God a marcie lad, I like thee well.

Lance. I, I like him well, go syr rha fetch me a cup of wine,
That ere I part with maister *Weathercocke*,
We may drinke downe our farewell in French wine.

Vvea. I thanke you syr, I thanke you friendly knight,
He come and visit you, by the moule-foot I will:
In the meane time, take heed of cutting *Flowerdale*,

C

He

The London Prodigall.

He is a desperate dyck I warrant you.

Lance. He is, he is; fill *Daffidill*, fill me some wine, ha, what weares he on his arme?

My daughter *Laces* bracelet, 'tis the same:

Ha to you maister *Weathercocke*.

Whea. I thanke you syr: Here *Daffidill*, an honest fellow and a tall thou art: well, ile take my leaue good knight, and hope to haue you and all your daughters at my poore house, in good
(sooth I must,

Lance. Thankes maister *Weathercocke*, I shall be bold to trouble you be sure.

Whea. And welcome, hartly farewell. (*Exit Weathercocke.*)

Lance. Syrrha I saw my daughters wrong, and withall her bracelet on your arme, off with it: and with it my livery too, Haue I care to see my daughter matched with men of worship, and are you growne so bold? Goe syrrha from my house, or ile whip you hence.

Daff. Ile not be whipped; syr, theres your livery.

(*Exit Daffidill.*)

This is a seruiegmans reward, what care I,
I haue meanes to trust too; I scorne seruice I.

Lance. I a lusty knave, but I must let him goe,
Our seruants must be taught, what they should know.

Enter syr Arthur and Lance.

Lance. Syr, as I am a maid, I doe affect you aboue any shuter
that I haue, altho that souldiers scarce knowes how to loue.

Ar. I am a souldier, and a gentleman,
Knowes what belongs to war, what to a lady:
What man offends me, that my sword shall right:
What woman loues me, I am her faithfull knight,

Lance. I neither doubt your vallour, nor your loue, but
there be some that bares a souldiers forme, that sweares by him
they neuer thinke vpon goes swaggering vp and downe from
house to house, crying God payes: and,

Ar. Ifaith Lady ile discry you such a man,
Of them there be many which you haue spoke off,

That

The London Prodigall.

That beare the name and shape of souldiers,
Yet God knowes very seldome saw the war:
That haunt your Taverns, and your ordinarjes,
Your ale-houses sometimes, for all a-like
To vphold the brutish humour of their mindes;
Being marked downe, for the bondmen of dispaire:
Their mirth begins in wine, but endes in blood,
Their drinke is cleare, but their conceits are mud.

Luce. Yet these are great gentlemen souldiers.

Ar. No they are wretched slaves,
Whose desperate liues doth bring them timelesse graues.

Luce. Both for your selfe, and for your forme of life,
If I may choose, ile be a souldiers wife.

Enter sjr Lancelot and Oliuer.

Oli. And tyt trust to it so then.

Lance. As sure your selfe,
You shall be married with all speed we may:
One day shall serue for *Frances* and for *Luce*.

Oli. Why che wood vaine know the time, for prouiding
wedding rayments.

Lance. Why no more but this, first get your assurance made,
touching my daughters ioynter, that dispatched, we wil in two
daies make prouision.

Oli. Why man chil haue the writings made by to morrow.

Lance. To morrow be it then, lets meet at the kings head
in fishstreet.

Oli. No fie man no, lets meet at the Rose at *Temple-bar*,
That will be nearer your counsellor and mine.

Lance. At the Rose, be it then the hower nine,
He that comes last, forfeits a pinte of wine.

Oli. A pinte is no paymēt, let it be a whole quart, or nothing.

Enter Artichoke.

Art. Maister, here is a man would speake with maister *O-*
liuer, he comes from young maister *Flowerdale*.

Oli. Why chill speake with him, chill speake with him.

Lance. Nay sonne *Oliuer*, ile shurely see,
What young *Flowerdale* hath sent to you.
I pray God it be no quarrell.

The London Prodigall.

Oh. Why man if he quarrell with me, chill giue him his

Fath. God saue you good syr Lancelot. (hands full.

Lance. Welcome honest friend. (Enter old Flowerdale.

Fath. To you and yours my maister wisheth health,

But vnto you syr this, and this he sendes:

There is the length syr of his rapier,

And in that paper shall you know his mind.

Oh. Here chill meet him my vrend, chill meet him.

Lance. Meet him, you shall not meet the Ruffin fye.

Oh. And I doe not meete him, chill giue you leaue to call

Me, cur, where ist syr that where ist where ist?

Fath. The letter shoves both the time and place,

And if you be a man, then keepe your word.

Lance. Syr, he shal not keepe his word, he shal not meet.

Fath. Why let him choose, heele be the better knowne
For a base rascall, and reputed so.

Oh. Zyrriha, zyrriha; and tweare not an old fellow, and sent
after an arrant, cl ill giue thee something, but chud be no mo-
ny: But hold thee, for I see thou art somewhat restorne, holde
thee, theres vortie shillings, bring thy maister a veeld, chil giue
thee vortie more, looke thou bring him, chil mall him tell him,
chill mar his dauncing tressels, chil vse him, he was nere so vsed
since his dam bound his head, chill make him for capyring a-
ny more chy vor thee.

Fath. You seeme a man, stout and resolute,
And I will so report, what ere befall.

Lance. And fall out ill, ashure thy maister this,
He make him flye the land, or vse him worse.

Fath. My maister syr, deserues not this of you,
And that youle shortly finde.

Lance. Thy maister is an vnthrif, you a knaue,

And ile attache you first, next clap him vp:

Or haue him bound vnto his good behauiour.

Oh. I woud you were a sprite if you do him any harme for
this: And you doe, chill nere see you, nor any of yours, while
chill haue eyes open: what doe you thinke, chil be abaffelled
vp and downe the towne for a messell, and a scoundrel, no chy
bor you: zyrriha chil come, zay no more, chil come tell him.

Fath. Well

The London Prodigall.

Fath. Well sir, my Maister deserues not this of you,
And that youle shortly finde. *Exit.*

Oh. No matter, he's an vnthrift, I defie him.

Lanc. No, gentle sonne, let me know the place.

Oh. Now chy vore you.

Lanc. Let me see the note.

Oh. Nay, chill watch you for zueth a tricke.

But if the meet him zoe, if not, zoe: chill make him knowe
me, or chill know why I shall not, chill vare the worse.

Lanc. What will you then neglect my daughters loue?

Venture your state and hers, for a loose brawle?

Oh. Why man, chill not kill him; marry chill veze him too,
and againe; and zoe God be with you vather.

What mar, we shall met to morrow. *Exit.*

Lanc. Who would a thought he had bin so desperate.

Come forth my honest seruant *Artichoke.* *Enter Artie.*

Arti. Now, what's the matter? some brawle toward, I war-
rant you.

Lanc. Goe get me thy sword bright scowred, thy buckler
mended, O for that knaue, that Vyllaine *Daffidill* would haue
done good seruice. But to thee.

Arti. I, this is the trickes of all you gentlemen, when you
stand in neede of a good fellow. O for that *Daffidill*, O where
is he? but if you be angry, and it bee but for the wagging of a
strawe, then out a doores with the knaue, turne the coate o-
uer his eares. This is the humour of you all.

Lanc. O for that knaue, that lustie *Daffidill*.

Arti. Why there tis now: our yeares wages and our vailes
will scarce pay for broken swords and bucklers that wee vse
in our quarrels. But Ile not fight if *Daffidill* bee a tother side,
that's flat.

Lanc. Tis no such matter man, get weapons ready, and bee
at London ere the breake of day: watch neere the lodging
of the Deuon-shire Youth, but be vnseen: and as he goes out,
as he will goe out, and that very earely without doubt.

Arti. What would you haue me draw vpon him,
As he goes in the streete?

Lanc. Not for a world man: into the fields.

The London Prodigall.

For to the field he goes, there to meet the desperat *Flowerdale*,
Take thou the part of *Olyver* my sonne, for he shal be my son,
And marry *Luce*: Doeſt vnderſtand me knaue?

Arty. I ſyr I doe vnderſtand you, but my young miſtreſſe
might be better provided in matching with my fellowe *Daf.*

Lance. No more; *Daffidill* is a knaue: (ſhall.
That *Daffidill* is a moſt notorious knaue. (Exit.

Enter Weathercocke.

Maſter *Weathercocke*, you come in happy time, The desperat
Flowerdale hath writ a challenge: And who thinke you muſt
anſwere it? but the *Deuenshyre* man, my ſonne *Olyver*.

Wea. Mary I am ſory for it good ſyr *Lancelot*,
But if you will be ruled by me, wee le ſtay the ſurie.

Lance. As how I pray?

Wea. Marry ile tell you, by promiſing yong *Flowerdale* the
red lipped *Luce*.

Lance. Ile rather follow her vnto her graue.

Wea. I ſyr *Lancelot* I would haue thought ſo too, but you
and I haue bene deceiued in him, come read this will, or deed,
or what you call it, I know not: Come, come, your ſpectacles
(I pray.

Lance. Nay I thanke God, I ſee very well.

Wea. Marry God bleſſe your eyes, mine hath bene dim al-
moſt this thirtie yeares,

Lance. Ha what is this? what is this?

Wea. Nay there is true loue indeede, he gaue ir to me but
this very morne, and bid me keepe it vnſeene from any one,
good youth, to ſee, how men may be deceiued.

Lance. Paſſion of me, what a wretch am I to hate this
louing youth, he hath made me, together with my *Luce* hee
loues ſo deare, executors of all his wealth.

Wea. All, all good man, he hath giuen you all.

Lance. Three ſhips now in the ſtraits, & homeward bound,
Two Lordſhips of two hundred pound a yeare:
The one in *Wales*, the other in *Gloſter-shyre*:
Debts and accounts, are thirtie thouſand pound,

Plate

The London Prodigall.

Plate,mony, Jewels, 16. thousand more,
Two houses furnished well in *Cole-man street*:
Beside whatsoeuer his Vnckle leaues to him,
Being of great demeanes and wealth at *Peckham*.

Wea. How like you this good knight? how like you this?

Lance. I haue done him wrong, but now ile make amends,
The Deuen-shyre man shall whistle for a wife,
He marrie *Luce*, *Luce* shall be *Flowerdaies*.

Wea. Why that is friendly said, lets ride to *London* and pre-
uent their match, by promising your daughter to that louely
(lad.

Lance. Weele ride to *London*, or it shall not need,
Weele crosse to *Dedfort-strand*, and take a boat:
Where be these knaues? what *Artichoake*, what *Fop*?

Enter Artichoake.

Art. Heere be the very knaues, but not the merry knaues.

Lance. Heretake my cloake, ile haue a walke to *Dedford*.

Art. Syr wee haue bin scouring of our swords and buck-
lers for your defence.

Lance. Defence me no defence, let your swordes rust, ile
haue no fighting; I, let blowes alone, bid *Delia* see all things be
in readinesse against the wedding, wee haue two at once,
and that will saue charges maister *Weathercocke*.

Art. Well we will doe it syr.

Exit Omnes.

Enter Cinet, Francke, and Delia.

Cin. By my truth this is good lucke, I thanke God for this,
In good sooth I haue euen my harts desire: sister *Delia*, now I
may boldly call you so, for your father hath franck and freely
giuen me his daughter *Francke*.

Fran. I by my troth *Tom*, thou hast my good will too, for
I thanke God I longed for a husband, and would I might ne-
uer stir, for one his name was *Tom*.

Delia. Why sister now you haue your wish.

Cin. You say very true sister *Delia*, and I prethee call me
nothing but *Tom*; and ile call thee sweetheart, and *Franck*: will
it not doe well sister *Delia*?

Delia. It

The London Prodigall.

Delia. It will doe very well with both of you. (exit

Fran. But *Tom*, must I goe as I doe now when I am marri-

Cin. No *Francke*, ile haue thee goe like a Citizen
In a garded gowne, and a French-hood.

Fran. By my troth that will be excellent indeed,

Delia. Brother, maintaine your wife to your estate,
Apparell you your selfe like to your father:

And let her goe like to your ancient mother,

He sparing got his wealth, lest it to you,

Brother take heed of pride, some bids thrift adue.

Cin. So as my father and my mother went, thats a iest
indeed, why she went in a fringed gowne, a single ruffe, and a
white cap.

And my father in a mocado coat, a paire of red fatten fleeces,
and a canuis backe.

Delia. And yet his wealth was all as much as yours.

Cin. My estate, my estate I thank God is fortie pound a yere,
in good leases and tenements, besides twenty marke a yere
at cuckoldes-hauen, and that comes to vs all by inheritance.

Delia. That may indeed, tis very fitly plyed,
I know not how it comes, but so it falles out
That those whose fathers haue died wonderous rich,
And tooke no pleasure but to gather wealth,
Thinking of little that they leaue behind:
For them they hope, will be of their like minde,
But falles out contrary, forty yeares sparing
Is scarce three seuen yeares spending, neuer caring
What will inshue, when all their coyne is gone,
And all too late, then thrift is thought vpon:
Oft haue I heard, that pride and ryot kist,
And then repentance crues, for had I wist.

Cin. You say well sister *Delia*, you say well: but I meane
to liue within my boundes: for looke you, I haue set downe
my rest thus farre, but to maintaine my wife in her french-
hood, and her coach, keepe a couple of geldings, and a brace
of gray hounds, and this is all ile doe.

Delia. And youle do this with fortie pound a yere?

Cin. I, and a better penny sister.

Fran. Sister

The London Prodigall.

Fran. Sister you forget that at couckolds-hauen.

Cin. By my troath well remembred *Francke*,
He giue thee that to buy thee pinnes.

Deha. Keepe you the rest for points, alas the day,
Foolles shall haue wealth, tho all the world say nay:
Come brother will you in, dinner staies for vs.

Cin. I good sister with all my heart.

Fran. I by my troath *Tom*, for I haue a good stomacke.

Cin. And I the like sweet *Francke*, no sister
Doe not thinke ile goe beyond my boundes.

Deha. God grant you may not.

(Exit Omnes.)

Enter young Flowerdale, and his father, with foyles
in their bandes.

Flow. Syrrha *Kye*, tarrie thou there, I haue spied syr *Lancelot*, and old *Weathercocke* comming this way, they are hard at hand, I will by no meanes be spoken withall.

Fath. He warrant you, goe get you in.

Enter *Lancelot* and *Weathercocke*.

Lance. Now my honest friend, thou doest belong to mai-
Fath. I doe syr. (Hear *Flowerdale*?)

Lance. Is he within my good fellowe

Fath. No syr he is not within.

Lance. I prethee if he be within, let me speake with him.

Fath. Syr to tell you true, my maister is within, but indeed
would not be spoke withall: there be some tearmes that stands
vpon his reputation, therefore he will not admit any confe-
rence till he hath shooke them off.

Lance. I prethee tell him his verie good friend syr *Lance-
lot Spurcocke*, intreates to speake with him.

Fath. By my troath syr, if you come to take vp the matter
betweene my maister and the Deuen-shyre man, you doe but
beguile your hopes, and loose your labour.

Lance. Honest friend, I haue not any such thing to him,
I come to speake with him about other matters.

Fath. For my maister syr hath set down his resolution,
Either to redeeme his honour, or leaue his life behind him.

Lance. My friend I doe not know any quarrell, touching

The London Prodigall.

Thy maister or any other person, my businesse is of a different nature to him, and I prethee so tell him.

Fath. For howsoeuer the Deuenshire man is, my maisters Mind is bloody; thats a round O,
And therefore syr, intreatie is but vaine!

Lance. I haue no such thing to him, I tell thee once againe.

Fath. I will then so signifie to him. *(Exit Father.)*

Lance. A syrreha, I see this matter is hotly carried,
But ile labour to disswade him from it, *(Enter Flowerdale.)*
Good morrow maister *Flowerdale.*

Flow. Good motrow good syr *Lancelot*, good morrowe
maister *Weathercocke.*

By my troath gentlemen, I haue bene a reading ouer

Nick Matchinill, I find him

Good to be known, not to be followed:

A pestilent humane fellow, I haue made

Certaine anations of him such as they be:

And how ist syr *Lancelot*? ha? how ist?

A mad world, men cannot liue quiet in it. *(Enter)*

Lance. Maister *Flowerdale*, I doe vnderstand there is some
Betweene the Deuenshire man and you.

Fath. They syr, they are good friends as can be.

Flow. Who maister *Oliver* and has good friends as can be.

Lance. It is a kind of safetie in you to denie it, and a generous
Silence, which too few are indued withall: But syr, such
A thing I heare, and I could wish it otherwise.

Flow. No such thing syr *Lancelot*, a my reputation,
As I am an honest man.

Lance. Now I doe beleue you then, if you doe
Ingage your reputation there is none.

Flow. Nay I doe not ingage my reputation there is not;
You shall not bind me to any condition of hardnesse:
But if there be any thing betweene vs, then there is,
If there be not, then there is not; be or be not, all is one.

Lance. I doe perceiue by this, that there is something be-
tweene you, and I am very sorie for it.

Flow. You may be deceiued syr *Lancelot*, the *Italian*
Hath a pretie saying, *Questo*? I haue forgot it too,
Tis out of my head, but in my translation

The London Prodigall.

If hold thus, thou hast a friend, keepe him. (If a foe, trip him.

Lance. Come, I doe see by this there is somewhat betweene
And before God I could wish it other wise. you,

Flow. Well what is betweene vs, can hardly be altered:

Syr Lancelot, I am to ride forth to morrow,
That way which I must ride, no man must denie
Me the Sunne, I would not by any particular man,
Be denied common and generall passage. If any one
Saith *Flowerdale*, thou passest not this way:
My answer is, I must either on or returne,
But returne is not my word, I must on:
If I cannot, then make my way, nature
Hath done the last for me, and thers the fine.

Lance. Maister *Flowerdale*, euery man hath one tongue,
And two eares, nature in her building,
Is a most curious worke-maister.

Flow. That is as much to say, a man should heare more
Then he should speake.

Lance. You say true, and indeed I haue heard more,
Then at this time I will speake.

Flow. You say well.

Lance. Slanders are more common then troathes maister
But prooffe is the rule for both. (*Flowerdale*)

Flow. You say true, what doe you call him
Hath it there in his third cantone

Lance. I haue heard you haue bin wild: I haue beleeued it.

Flow. T was fit, twas necessarie.

Lance. But I haue scene somewhat of late in you,
That hath confirmed in me an opinion of
Goodnesse toward you.

Flow. Yfaith syr, I am shure I neuer did you harme:
Some good I haue done, either to you or yours,
I am shure you know not, neither is it my will you should.

Lance. I your will syr.

Flow. I my will syr: foot doe you know ought of my will?
Begod and you doe syr, I am abused.

Lance. Goe maister *Flowerdale*, what I know, I know:
And know you thus much out of my knowledge,
That I truly loue you. For my daughter,

The London Prologue.

She yours. And if you like a marriage better
Then a brawle, all quirks of reputation set aside, goe with me
presently: And where you should fight a bloodie battle, you
shall be married to a lovely Ladie.

Flow. Nay but syr Lancelot.

Lance. If you will not imbrace my offer, yet assure your self
thus much, I will haue order to hinder your incounter.

Flow. Nay but heare me syr Lancelot.

Lance. Nay stand not you vpon imputatiue honour.
Tis meere vnsound, vnprofitable, and idle:
Inferences your busines is to wedde my daughter, therefore
giue me your present word to doe it, ile goe and provide the
maid, therefore giue mee your present resolution, either now
(or neuer.

Flow. Will you so put me too ite

Luce. I afore God, either take me now, or take me neuer,
Else what I thought should be our match, shall be our parting,
So fare you well for euer.

Flow. Stay: fall out, what may fall, my loue
Is about all: I will come.

Lance. I expect you, and so fare you well.

(Exit syr Lancelot.)

Fath. Now syr, how shall we doe for wedding apparelle

Flow. By the masse thats true: now helpe Kyt,
The marriage ended, wee le make amendes for all.

Fath. Well no more, prepare you for your bride,
We will not want for cloathes, what so ere betide.

Flow. And thou shalt see, when once I haue my dower,
In mirth wee le spend,
Full many a merry hower:

As for this wench, I not regard a pin,
It is her gold must bring my pleasures in.

Fath. Ist possible, he hath his second liuing,
Forfaking God, himselfe to the diuel giuing:
But that I knew his mother firme and chaste,
My heart would say, my hed she had disgrast:
Else would I swear, he neuer was my sonne,
But her faire mind, so fowle a deed did haue,

Enter

The London Prodigall.

Enter Vnck.

Vnck. How now brother, how doe you find your sonne?

Fath. O brother, heedlesse as a libertine,
Euen growne a maister in the schoole of vice,
One that doth nothing, but imuent descent:
For all the day he humours vp and downe,
How he the next day might deceiue his friend,
He thinkes of nothing but the present time:
For one groat readie downe, heele pay a shilling,
But then the lender must needes stay for it.
When I was young, I had the scope of youth,
Both wild, and wanton, carelesse and desperate:
But such mad straines, as hee's posselt withall,
I thought it wonder for to dreame vpon.

Vnck. I told you so, but you would not beleue it.

Fath. Well I haue found it, but one thing comforts me
Brother, to morrow hee's to be married
To beaunious *Luce*, syr *Lanceotts Sparrocks* daughter.

Vnck. Ist possible?

Fath. Tis true, and thus I meane to curbe him,
This day brother, I will you shall arrest him:
If any thing will tame him; it must be that,
For he is ranck in mischief, chained to a life,
That will increase his shame, and kill his wife.

Vnck. What, arrest him on his wedding day?
That were vnchristian, and an vn humane part:
How many couple euen for that very day,
Hath purchast 7 yeares sorrow afterward?
Forbeare him then to day, doe it to morrow,
And this day mingle not his ioy with sorrow.

Fath. Brother I haue it done this very day,
And in the viewe of all, as he comes from Church:
Doe but obserue the course that he will take,
Vpon my life he will forswear the debt:
And for weele haue the summe shall not be slight,
Say that he owes you heere three thousand pound:
Good brother let be done immediately.

The London Prodigal.

Vnck. Well, seeing you will have it so,
Brother ile doot, and straite provide the Sheriffe.

Fash. So brother, by this meanes shall we perceiue
What syr *Lancelot* in this pinch will do:
And how his wife doth stand affected too him,
Her loue will then be tried to the vttermost:
And all the rest of them, Brother what I will doo,
Shall harme him much, and much auail him too.

(Exit.)

Oy. Cham assured thick be the place, that the scoundrell
Appointed to meet me, if a come zo: if a come not, zo:
And che war avise, he should make a coystrell an vs,
Ched vese him, and che vang him in hand, che would
Hoyst him, and giue it him too and againe, zo chud:
Who bin a there syr *Arthur*, chil staie aside.

Ar. I haue dogd the Deuen-shyre man into the field,
For feare of any harme that should befall him:
I had an inckling of that yesternight,
That *Flowerdale* and he should meet this morning:
Tho of my soule, *Oliver* feares him not,
Yet for ide see faire play on either side,
Made me to come, to see their valour stride.
God morrow to maister *Oliver*.

Oli. God an good morrow.

Ar. What maister *Oliver* are you angry?

Oli. Why an it be, tyt and greeneen you?

Ar. Not me at all syr, but I imagine

By your being here thus armed,
You stay for some that you should fight withall.

Oli. Why and he doe, che would not dezire you to take his

Ar. Noby my troath, I thinke you need it not, (part.

For he you looke for, I thinke meanes not to come, (place.

Oli. No & che war assure, that, ched aye se him in a nother

Daff. O syr *Arthur*, maister *Oliver*, aye me, *(Enter Daffail.)*
Your loue, and yours, and mine, sweet mistresse *Luce*,
This morne is married to young *Flowerdale*.

Ar. Married to *Flowerdale*? tis impossible.

Oli. Married man, che hope thou dost but iest:

The London Prodigall.

To make an a volowten meryment of it.

Daf. O tis too true. Here comes his Vncle.

Enter Flowerdale, Sheriffe, Officers.

Uncle. God morrow sir *Arthur*, good morrow *M. Oliver*,

Oly. God and good morne *M. Flowerdale*. I pray you tellen
Is your scoundrell kinsman married? (vs,

Artb. *M. Oliver*, call him what you will, but hee is maryed
To sir *Lancelots* daughter here.

Uncle. Sir *Arthur*, vnto heie

Oly. I ha the olde vellow zarued me thick trickes,
Why man he was a promise, chil chüd a had her,
Is a zitch, woxe, chill looke to his water che vor him.

Uncle. The musicke playes, they are comming from the
Church.

Sheriffe doe your Office: fellowes, stand stoutly too it.

Enter all to the Wedding.

Oly. God giue you ioy, as the old zaid Prouerbe is, and
some zorrow among. You met vs well, did you not?

Lance. Nay be not angry sir, the fault is in me,
I haue done all the wrong, kept him from comming to the
field to you, as I might sir, for I am a Iustice, and sworne to
keepe the peace;

Wbe. I marry is he sir, a very Iustice, and sworne to keepe
the peace, you must not disturbe the weddings.

Lanc. Nay, neuer frowne nor storme sir, if you doe,
He haue an order taken for you.

Oly. Well, Well, chill be quiet.

Wbe. *M. Flowerdale*, sir *Lancelot*, looke you who here is?
M. Flowerdale.

Lance. *M. Flowerdale*, welcome with all my heart.

Flow. Vncle, this is the ysaith: Maister Vnder-sheriffe
Arrest me for whose sute? draw *Kn.*

Unc. At my sute sir

Lance. Why whats the matter *M. Flowerdale*?

Unc. This is the matter sir, this vnthrift here,
Hath cozened you, and hath had of me,
In seuerall summes three thousand pound.

Flow. Why Vncle, Vncle.

Unck. Cousen, cousen, you haue vnckled me,
And if you be not staide, youle proue
A coufener vnto all that know you.

Lance. Why syr, suppose he be to you in debt
Ten thousand pound, his state to me appeare,
To be at least three thousand by the yeare.

Fack. O syr, I was too late informed of that plot,
How that he went about to coufen you:
And forme a will, and sent it to your good
Friend theremaister *Weathercocke*, in which was
Nothing true, but brags and lyes.

Lance. Ha, hath he not such Lordships, landes, and shippes?

Fack. Not worth a groat, not worth a halfe penny.

Lance. I pray tell vs true, be plaine young *Flowerdew*.

Flow. My vnckle here mad, and disposed to doe me wrong,
But heer's my man, an honest fellow
By the lord, and of good credit, knowes all is true.

Fack. Not I syr, I am too old to lye, I rather know
You forge a will, where euery line you writ,
You studied where to coate your landes might lye.

Wen. And I prethee, where be thy honest friends?

Fack. Yfaith no where syr, for he hath none at all.

Wen. Benedicite, we are pre wretched I beleue.

Lance. I am coufend, and my hopefull child vndone.

Flow. You are not coufend, nor is she vndone,
They slander me, by this light they slander me:
Looke you, my vnckle heres an vsurer, and would vndoe me,
Batter and in law, do you but baile me, you shall doe no more:
You brother *Cinet*, and maister *Weathercocke*, doe but
Baile me, and let me haue my marriage mony
Paid me, and weele ride downe, and there your owne
Eyes shall see, how my poore tenants there wil welcome me:
You shall but baile me, you shall doe no more,
And you greedy goat, their baile will serue.

Fack. I syr, ile aske no better baile.

Lance. No syr you shall not take my baile, nor his,
Nor my sonne *Cinet*, ile not be cheated I;
Shreue take your prisoner, ile not deale with him:

Let's Vncle make false dice with his false bones,
I will not haue to doe with him: mocked, guld, & wrongd.
Come Girle, though it be late it falls out well,
Thou shalt not liue with him in beggers hell.

Luc. He is my husband, & hie heauen doth know,
With what vnwillingnesse I went to Church,
But you inforced me, you compelled me too it:
The holy Church-man pronounced these words but now,
I must not leaue my husband in distresse:
Now I must comfort him, not goe with you.

Lanc. Comfort a cozoner? on my curse forsake him.

Luc. This day you caused me on your curse to take him:
Doe not I pray my greiued soule oppresse,
God knowes my heart doth bleed at his distresse. (match,

Lanc. O *M. Weathercock*, I must confesse I forced her to this
Led with opinion his false will was true.

Wea. A, he hath ouer-reached me too, | *State.*

Lanc. She might haue liued like *Delia*, in a happie Virgins

Delia. Father be patient, sorrow comes too late.

Lance. And on her knees she begd & did entreat,
If she must needs taste a sad marriage life,
She craued to be sir *Arthur Greene-shields* wife,

Ar. You haue done her & me the greater wrong.

Lanc. O take her yet. *Arthur.* Not I.

Lanc. Or, *M. Olner*, except my child, and halfe my wealth
is yours. *Oh.* No sir, chil breake no Lawes.

Luc. Neuer feare, she will not trouble you.

Delia. Yet sister in this passion doe not runne headlong to
confusion, You may affect him, though not follow him.

Frank. Doe sister, hang him, let him goe.

Wea. Doe faith Mistresse *Luc*, leaue him.

Luc. You are three grosse fooles, let me alone,
I sweare ile liue with him in all mone.

Oh. But an he haue his legges at libertie, †
Cham-averd hee will neuer liue with you,

The London Prodigall.

Art. But hee is now in hucksters handling for running
Lanc. Huswife, you heare how you and I am wrongd, (away.
And if you will redresse it yet you may:
But if you stand on tearmes to follow him,
Neuer come neere my sight nor looke on me,
Call me not father, looke not for a groat,
For all thy portion I wil this day giue
Vnto thy sister *Frances*.

Fran. How say you to that *Tom*, I shall haue a good deale,
Besides ile be a good wifer and a good wife
Is a good thing, I can tell.

Cin. Peace *Franck*, I would be sorry to see thy sister
Cast away, as I am a Gentleman.

Lance. What, are you yet resolu'd?

Lanc. Yes, I am resolu'd.

Lanc. Come then away, or now, or neuer come.

Luc. This way I turne, goe you vnto your feast,
And I to weepe, that am with griefe oppress'd.

Lanc. For euer flie my sight: come gentlemen
Lets in, ile helpe you to far better wiues then her.
Delia vpon my blessing talke not too her,
Bace Baggage, in such hast to beggery?

Unc. Sheriffe take your prisoner to your charge.

Flo. Vncle, be-god you haue vsd me very hardly,
By my troth, vpon my wedding day.

*Exit all: young Flowerdale, his father, Vncle,
Sheriffe, and Officers.*

Luc. O *M. Flowerdale*, but heare me speake,
Stay but a little while good *M. Sheriffe*,
If not for him, for my sake pittie him:
Good syr stop not your eares at my complaint,
My voyce growes weake, for womens words are faint.
Flo. Looke you *Vncle*, shee kneeles to you.

Vncle.

The London Prodigall.

Vnc. Faire maid, for you, I loue you with my heart,
And greeue sweet soule thy fortune is so bad,
That thou shouldst match with such a gracelesse
Go to thy father, thinke not vpon him, (Youth,
Whom hell hath marked to be the sonne of shame.

Luc. Impute his wildnesse fyr, vnto his youth,
And thinke that now is the time he doth repent:
Alas, what good or gayne can you receiue,
To imprison him that nothing hath to pay?
And where nought is, the king doth lose his due,
O pittie him as God shall pittie you.

Vnc. Ladie, I know his humours all too well,
And nothing in the world can doe him good,
But miserie it selfe to chaine him with.

Luc. Say that your debts were paid, then is he free?

Vnc. I virgin, that being answered, I haue done,
But to him that is all as impossible,
As I to scale the hie Piramydie.

Sheriffe take your prisoner, Maiden fare thee well.

Luc. O goe not yet, good M. *Flowerdale* :

Take my word for the debt, my word, my bond.

Flow. I by God *Vncle*, and my bond too.

Luc. Alas, I n ere ought nothing but I paid it,

And I can worke, alas he can doe nothing :

I haue some friends perhaps will pittie me,

His chiefeft friends doe seeke his miserie,

All that I can, or beg, get, or receiue,

Shall be for you: O doe not turne away,

Me thinkes within a face so reuerent,

So well experienced in this tottering world,

Should haue some feeling of a maidens grieve:

For my sake, his fathers, and your brothers sake,

I for your soules sake that doth hope for ioy,

Pittie my state: do not two soules destroy.

Vnc. Faire maid stand vp, not in regard of him,
But in pittie of thy haplesse choise,

The London Prodigall.

Idoe release him, M. Sheriffe I thanke you;
And officers there is for you, to drinke.
Here maide take this monie, there is a 100. Angels,
And for I will be sure he shall not haue it,
Here Kester take it you, and vse it sparingly,
But let not her haue any want at all.
Dry your eyes Neece, doe not too much lament
For him, whose life hath beene in royt spent;
If well he vseth thee, he gets him friends,
If ill, a shamefull end on him depends.

Exit Vncle.

Flou. A plague goe with you for an old fornicator:
Come *Kye* the monie, come honest *Kye*.

Fath. Nay by my faith sir, you shall pardon me.

Flou. And why sir pardon you? giue me the mony
You old Rascall, or I shall make you.

Luc. Pray hold your hands, giue it him honest friend.

Fath. If you be so content, with all my heart.

Flou. Content syr, sblood shee shall be content
Whether she will or no, A rattle baby come to follow me:
Goe get you gone to the greasie chuffe your father,
Bring me your dowrie, or neuer looke on me.

Fath. Syr she hath forsooke her father, and all her friends for
you.

Flou. Hang thee, her friends and father altogether.

Fath. Yet part with something to provide her lodging.

Flou. Yes, I meane to part with her and you, but if I part with
one Angel, hang me at a poste. Ile rather throwe them at a
cast at Dice, as I haue done a thousand of their fellows.

Fath. Nay then I will be plaine degenerate boy,
Thou hadst a Father would haue beene a shamed.

Flou. My father was an Assle, an old Assle.

Fath. Thy father? proud lycentious villaine:
What are you at your foyles, ile foyle with you.

Luc. Good sir forbear him.

Fath.

The London Prodigall.

Fath. Did not this whining woman hang on me,
Ide teach thee what it was to abuse thy father:
Goe hang, beg, starue, dice, ^{game}, that when all is gone
Thou maist after dispaire and hang thy selfe.

Luce. O doe not curse him.

Fath. I doe not curse him, and to pray for him were vaine,
It grieues me that he beares his father name.

Flow. Well you old rascall, I shall meet with you,
Syrrha get you gone, I will not strip the liuery
Ouer your cares, because you paid for it: (not
But do not vse my name, syrrha doe you heare? looke you doe
Vse my name, you were best.

Fath. Pay me the twentie pound then, that I lent you,
Or giue me securitie, when I may haue it. none,

Flow. Ile pay thee not a penny, and for securitie, ile giue thee
Minckins looke you doe not follow me, looke you doe not:
If you doe begger, I shall slit your nose.

Luce. Alas what shall I doe?

Flow. Why turne whore, thats a good trade,
And so perhaps ile see thee now and then.

Exit Flowerdale.

Luce. Alas the day that euer I was borne.

Fath. Sweete mistresse doe not weepe, ile sticke to you.

Luce. Alas my friend, I know not what to do,
My father and my friends, they haue despised me:
And I a wretched maid, thus cast away,
Knowes neither where to goe, nor what to say.

Fath. It grieues me at the soule, to see her teares
Thus staine the crimson roses of her cheekes:
Lady take comfort, doe not mourne in vaine,
I haue a little living in this towne,
The which I thinke comes to a hundred pound,
All that and more shall be at your dispose,
Ile strait goe helpe you to some strange disguise,
And place you in a seruice in this towne:

The London Prodigall.

Where you shal know all, yet your selfe vnknowne:
Come greue no more, where no helpe can be had,
Weepe not for him, that is more worse then bad.

Luce. I thanke you syr.

Enter syr Lancelot, maister VVesbercocke and them.

Ol. Well, cha a bin zerued many a sluttish tricke,
But such a lerripoope as thick ych was nere a sarued.

Lance. Son *Cinet*, daughter *Frances*, beare with me,
You see how I am pressed downe with inward grieffe,
About that lucklesse gyrl, your sister *Luce*:
But tis fallen out with me, as with many families beside,
They are most vnhappy, that are most beloued.

Cin. Father tis so, tis euen fallen out so,
But what remedie, set hand to your heart, and let it passe:
Here is your daughter *Frances* and I, and weele not say,
Weele bring forth as wittie children, but as prettie
Children as euer she wastho she had the pricke
And praise for a prettie wench: But father, done is
The moue, youle come?

Lance. I sonne *Cinet*, ile come.

Cin. And you maister *Oliuer*?

Ol. I, for che a vext out this veast, chill see if a gan
Make a better veast there.

Cin. And you syr *Arthure*?

Ar. I syr, although my heart be full,
Ile be a partner at your wedding feast.

Cin. And welcome all indeed, and welcome, come *Franke*
(are you readie?)

Fran. Ieshue how hastie these husbands are, I pray father,
Pray to God to blesse me.

Lance. God blesse thee, and I doe: God make thee wise,
Send you both ioy, I wish it with wet eyes.

Fran. But

The London Prodigall.

Fran. But Father, shall not my sister *Delia* goe along with
She is excellent good at cookery and such things. (vs?)

Lance. Yes mary shall she: *Delia*, make you ready.

Del. I am ready syr, I will first goe to *Greene-wich*,
From thence to my cousen *Chesterfeelds*, and so to *London*.

Cin. It shall suffice good sister *Delia*, it shall suffice,
But faile vs not good sister, giue order to cookes, and others,
For I would not haue my sweet *Francke*

To soyle her fingers.

Fran. No by my troath not I, a gentlewoman, and a married
Gentlewoman too, to be companions to cookes,
And kitchen-boyes, not I, yfaith: I scorne that.

Cin. Why I doe not meane thou shalt sweete heart,
Thou seeest I doe not goe about it: well farewell too: (too?)

You, Gods pittie *M. Weathercocke*, we shal haue your cōpany

Wen. Withall my heart, for I loue good cheare,

Cin. Well, God be with you all, come *Francke*.

Fran. God be with you father, God be with you syr *Arthur*,
Maister *Oliver*, and maister *Weathercocke*, sister, God be with
you all: God be with you father, God be with you euery one.

Wen. Why how now syr *Arthur*: all a mort maister *Oliver*,
(how now man?)

Cheerely syr *Lancelot*, and merily say,

Who can hold that will away.

Lance. I seee is gone indeed, poore girle vndone,
But when theyle be selfewilled, children must smart.

Ar. But syr, that she is wronged, you are the chiefeest cause,
Therefore tis reason, you redresse her wrong.

Wen. Indeed you must syr *Lancelot*, you must.

Lance. Must? who can compell me maister *Weathercocke*?
I hope I may doe what I list.

Wen. I grant you may, you may doe what you list.

Ol. Nay, but and you be well euisen, it were not good
By this vrampolnesse, and vrowardnesse, to cast away
As pretty adowssabell, as am chould chance to see

The London Prodigall.

In a Summers day, chil tell you what chall doe,
Chil goe spye vp and downe the towne, and see if I
Can heare any tale or dydings of her,
And take her away from thicke a messell, vor cham
A shured, heele but bring her to the spoile,
And so var you well, we shall meete at your sonne *Ciniss.*

Lance. I thanke you syr, I take it very kindly.

Arty. To find her out, ile spend my dearest blood.

Exit both.

So well I loued her, to affect her good.

Lance. O maister *Weathercocke*, what hap had I, to force
(my daughter

From maister *Oliuer*, and this good knight?
To one that hath no goodnesse in his thought.

Wea. All lucke, but what remedie,

Lance. Yes I haue almost deuised a remedy,
Young *Flowerdale*, is shure a prisoner.

Wea. Shure, nothing more shure.

Lance. And yet perhaps his Vnckle hath releas'd him.

Wea. It may be very like, no doubt he hath.

Lance. Well if he be in prison, ile haue warrants
To tache my daughter till the lawe be tried,
For I will shue him vpon couzonage.

Wea. Mary may you, and ouerthrow him too.

Lance. Nay thats not so, I may chance be scot,
And sentence past with him.

Wea. Beleeue me so he may; therefore take heede.

Lance. Well howsoeuer, yet I will haue warrants,
In prison, or at libertie, allis one.

You will helpe to serue them maister *Weathercocke*?

Exit Omnes.

Enter Flowerdale.

Floa. A plague of the diuell, the diuell take the dyce,
The dyce, and the diuell, and his deuill goe together:

OF

The London Prodigall.

Of all my hundred golden angels,
I haue not left me one denier:
A poxe of come a fine, what shall I doe?
I can borrow no more of my credit:
There's not any of my acquaintance, man, nor boy,
But I haue borrowed more or lesse off:
I would I knewe where to take a good purse,
And goe cleare away, by this light ile venture for it,
Gods lid my sister *Delia*,
Ile rob her, by this hand.

Enter Delia, and Artichoke.

Del. I prethee *Artichoke* goe not so fast,
The weather is hot, and I am something wearie.

Art. Nay I warrant you mistresse *Delia* ile not tire you
With leading, wee le goe an extreame moderate pace.

Flow. Stand, deliuer your purse.

Art. O lord, theeues, theeues,

Exit Artichoke.

Flow. Come, come, your purse ladie, your purse.

Deli. That voice I haue heard often before this time,
What brother *Flamerdale*, become a theefe?

Flow. I, a plague ont, I thanke your father,
But sister, come, your mony, come:

What the world must find me, I am borne to liue,
Tis not a sinne to steale, when none will giue.

Deli. O God, is all grace banisht from thy heart,
Thinke of the shame that doth attend this fact.

Flow. Shame me no shames, come giue me your purse,
Ile bind you sister, least I faire the worse.

Deli. No, bind me not, hold there is all I haue,
And would that mony would redeeme thy shame.

Enter Oliuer, for Arthur, and Artichoke.

Art. Theeues, theeues, theeues.

Oli. Theeues, where man? why how now mistresse *Delia*,
Ha you a liked to bin a robbed?

F

Deli. No

The London Prodigall.

Delia. No maister *Oliver*, tis maister *Flowerdale*, hee did but
left with me.

Ol. How, *Flowerdale*, that scoundrell & sirrha, you meten vs
 Well, vang thee that, (charge.

Flom. Well sir, ile not meddle with you, because I have a

Del. Here brother *Flowerdale*, ile lend you this same mony.

Flom. I thanke you sister. (penny.

Ol. I wad you were ysplit, and you let the mezell haue a
 But since you cannot keepe it, chil keepe it my selfe.

Ar. Tis pittie to releue him in this sort,
 Who makes a triumphant life, his daily sport.

Delia. Brother, you see how all men confure you,
 Farewell; and I pray God amend your life.

Oij. Come, chil bring you along, and you safe enough
 From twentie such scoundrells as thick a one is,
 Farewell and be hanged zyrrha, as I thinke so thou
 Wilt be shortly, come syr *Arthur*.

Exit all but Flowerdale.

Flom. A plague goe with you for a karsie rascall:

This Deuenshyre man I thinke is made all of porkes,

His hands made onely, for to heaue vp packs:

His hart as fat and big as his face,

As differing far from all braue gallant minds

As I to serue the hogges, and drinke with hindes,

As I am very neere now: well, what remedie,

When mony, meanes, and friends, doe growe so small,

Then farewell life, and ther's an end of all. *Exit on mee.*

*Enter Father, Luce like a Dutch Frow, Cinet, and his
 wife mistresse Frances.*

Cin. By my troath god a mercie for this good *Christopher*,

I thanke thee for my maide, I like her very well,

How doest thou like her *Frances*?

Fran. In good sadnesse *Tom*, very well, excellent well,

She speakes so prettily, I pray whats your name?

Luce. My name forsooth be called *Tanikin*.

Fran. By

The London Prodigall.

Fran. By my troath a fine name, O *Tanikin*, you are excellent for dressing one head a newe fashion.

Lucc. Me fall doe euery ting about da head,

Cin. What countriwoman is she *Kesser*?

Fash. A dutch woman sir.

Cin. Why then she is outlandish, is she not?

Fash. I Syr she is.

Fran. O then thou canst tell how to helpe mee to cheekes (and eares)

Lucc. Yes mistresse verie vell.

Fash. Cheekes and eares, why mistresse *Frances*, want you Cheekes and eares? me thinkes you haue very faire ones.

Fran. Thou art a foole indeed *Tom*, thou knowest what I

Cin. I, I *Kesser*, tis such as they weare a their heads, (meane, I prethee *Kir* haue her in, and shewe her my house,

Fash. I will sir, come *Tanikin*.

Fran. O *Tom*, you haue not buffed me to day *Tom*.

Cin. No *Frances*, we must not kisse afore folkes,
God saue me *Francke*,

Enter Delia and Artichoke.

See yonder my sister *Delia* is come, welcome good sister.

Fran. Welcome good sister, how do you like the tier of my
Delia. Very well sister. (heads)

Cin. I am glad you're come sister *Delia* to giue order for
Supper, they will be here soone.

Arty. I, but if good luck had not serued, she had
Not bin here now, filching *Flowerdale* had like
To peppard vs, but for maister *Oliuer*, we had bin robbed.

Delia. Peace syrrha, no more.

Fash. Robbed by whom?

Arty. Marry by none but by *Flowerdale*, he is turned theefe.

Cin. By my faith, but that is not well, but God be praised
For your escape, will you draw neere sister?

Fash. Syrrha come hither, would *Flowerdale*, hee that was
my maister, a robbed you, I prethee tell me true?

The London Prodigall.

Arty. Yes yfaith, euen that *Flowerdale*, that was thy mai-
(ster.

Fath. Hold thee, there is a French crowne, and speake no
(more of this.

Arty. Not I, not a word, now do I smell knauerie:
In euerie purse *Flowerdale* takes, he is halfe:

And giues me this to keepe counsell, so not a word I.

Fath. Why God a mercy.

Fran. Sister looke here, I haue a new Dutch maid,
And she speakes so fine, it would doe your heart good.

Ciu. How doe you like her sister?

Del. I like your maide well.

Ciu. Well deare sister, will you draw neere, and giue direc-
tions for supper, guesse will be here presently.

Delia. Yes brother, leade the way its follow you.

Exit all but Delia and Luce.

Harke you Dutch frowe a word.

Luce. Vatis your vill wit me?

Del. Sister *Luce*, tis not your broken language,
Nor this same habit, can disguise your face
From I that know you: pray tell me, what meanes this?

Luce. Sister, I see you know me, yet be secret:
This borrowed shape, that I haue tane vpon me,
Is but to keepe my selfe, a space vnknowne,
Both from my father, and my neere friends:
Vntill I see, how time will bring to passe,
The desperate course, of maister *Flowerdale*.

Del. O hee is worse then bad, I prethee leaue him,
And let not once thy heart to thinke on him.

Luce. Do not perswade me, once to such a thought,
Imagine yet, that he is worse then naught:
Yet one louers time, may all that ill vndo,
That all his former life, did run into.

Therefore

The London Prodigall.

Therefore kind sister doe not disclose my estate,
If ere his heart doth turne, tis nere too late. (mind,
Dely. Well, seeing no counsell can remoue your
Ile not disclose you, that art wilfull blinde. (eies,
Luc. Delia, I thank you, I now must please her
My sister Frances, neither faire nor wise.

Exit Omnes.

Enter Flowerdale solus.

Flo. On goes he that knowes no end of his journey,
I haue passed the very ymost bounds of shifting,
I haue no course now but to hang my selfe:
I haue liued since yesterday two a clocke, of a
Spice-cake I had at a buriall: and for drinke,
I got it at an Ale-house among Porters, such as
Will beare out a man, if he haue no mony indeed.
I meane out of their companyes, for they are men
Of good carriage. Who comes heere?
The two Conycatchers, that wooen all my mony of
Aetrick if thay le lend me any. (me.

Enter Dicke and Rafe.

What *M. Richard* how doe you?
How doest thou *Rafe*? By God gentlemē the world
Growes bare with me, will you do as much as lend
Me an Angel betweene you both, you know you
Won a hundred of me the other day.

Rafe. How, an Angel? God damme vs if we lost not eury
Peny, within an houre after thou wert gone.

Flo. I pretthy lend me so much as will pay for my supper,
Ile pay you againe, as I am a Gentleman.

Rafe. I faith, we haue haue not a farthing, not a myte:
I wonder at it *M. Flowerdale*,

You will so carelessly vndo your selfe,
Why you will loose more mony in an houre,

The London Prodigall.

Then any honest man spend in a yeare,
For shame betake you to some honest Trade,
And liue not thus so like a Vagabond.

Exit both.

Flou. A Vagabond indeed, more villaines you:
They gaue me counsell that first cozend me:
Those Diuels first brought me to this I am,
And being thus, the first that doe me wrong.
Well, yet I haue one friend left in store,
Not farre from hence, there dwels a Cokatryce,
One that I first put in a fatten gowne,
And not a tooth that dwell within her head,
But stands me at the least in 20. pound:
Her will I visite now my coyne is gone,
And as I take it heere dwelles the Gentlewomen.
What ho, is Mistresse Apricke within?

Enter Ruffyn.

Ruff. What sawtie Rascall is that which knocks so bold,
O, is it you old spend-thrift, are you here?
One that is turned Cozoner about the towne:
My Mistresse saw you, and sends this word by me,
Either be packing quickly from the doore,
Or you shall haue such a greeting sent you strait,
As you will little like on, you had best be gone.

Flou. Why so, this is as it should be, being poore,
Thus art thou serued by a vile painted whoore,
Well, since thy damned crew doe so abuse thee,
Ile try of honest men, how they will vse mee.

Enter an annient Citizen.

Sir I beseech you to take compassion of a man,
One whose Fortunes haue beene better then at this instant
they seeme to be: but if I might craue of you so much little
portion, as would bring mee to my friends, I should rest
thankfull, vntill I had requited so great a curtesie.

Citizen.

The London Prodigall.

Citizen. Fie, fie, yong man, this course is very bad,
Too many such haue wee about this Cittie,
Yet for I haue not seene you in this sort,
Nor noted you to be a common begger:
Hold theres an Angel, to beare your charges,
Downe, goe to your freinds, do not on this depend,
Such bad beginnings oft haue worser ends. *Exit Citi.*

Flow. Worser endes: nay, if it fall out
No worse then in old angels I care not,
Nay now I haue had such a fortunate beginning,
Ile not let a sixepennie-purse escape me,
By the Masse, here comes another.

Enter a Citizens wife with a torch before her.

God blesse you faire Mistresse,
Now would it please you gentlewoman to looke into the
wants of a poore Gentle-man, a yonger brother, I doubt not
but God will treble restore it backe againe, one that neuer
before this time demanded pennie, halpennie, nor farthing.

Citiz. Wife. Stay *Alexander*, now by my troth a very pro-
per man, and tis great pittie: hold my friend, theres all the
monie I haue about me, a couple of shillings, and God blesse
thee.

Flow. Now God thanke you sweete Lady: if you haue any
friend, or Gården-house, where you may employ a poore
gentleman as your friend, I am yours to command in all se-
cret seruice.

Citiz. I thanke you good friend, I prethy let me see that a-
gaine, I gaue thee, there is one of them a brasse shilling, giue
me them, and here is halfe a crowne in gold. *He giues it her.*
Nowe out vpon thee Rascall, secret seruice: what doest
thou make of mee? it were a good deede to haue thee whipt:
now I haue my money againe, ile see thee hanged before
I giue thee a pennie: secret seruice: on good *Alexander.*

Exit both.

Flow. This

The London Prodigall.

Flow. This is villanous lucke, I perceiue dishonestie
Will not thrive; here comes more, God forgive mee,

Sir Arthur, and *M. Oliuer*, afore God, Ile speake to them,
God saue you *Sir Arthur*: God saue you *M. Oliuer*.

Enter Sir Arthur, and M. Oliuer.

Ol. Byn you there *Zyrrha*, come will you ytaken your selfe
To your tooles, Coyttrelle?

Flow. Nay, *M. Oliuer*, Ile not fight with you,
Alas sir you know it was not my dooings,
It was onely a plot to get *Sir Lancaster* daughter:
By God, I neuer meant you harme.

Ol. And where is the Gentle-woman thy wife, Mezell?
Where is shee, *Zyrrha*, hee?

Flow. By my troth *M. Oliuer*, sicke, very sicke;
And God is my Iudge, I know not what meanes to make for
her, good Gentlewoman.

Ol. Tell me true, is the sicke? tell me true ich wife thee?

Flow. Yes faith, I tell you true: *M. Oliuer*, if you would
doe mee the small kindeste, but to lend me fortie shillings:
So God helpe me I will pay you so, soone as my abilitie shall
make me able, as I am a gentleman.

Ol. Well thou zaiest thy wife is zicke: hold, thers vortie
shillings, giued it to thy wife, looke thou giue it her, or I shall
zo veze thee, thou wert not so vezed this zeuen yeare, looke
too it.

Art. Yfaith *M. Oliuer*, it is in vaine
To giue to him that neuer thinkes of her.

Ol. Well, would che could ynind it, (man.

Flow. I tell you true, *Sir Arthur*, as I am a gentile;

Ol. Well fare you well *Zyrrah*: come *Sir Arthur*.

Exit both.

Flow. By the Lord this is excellent, from the time I was
Five golden Angels compast in an houre;
If this trade hold, ile neuer seeke a new.

Welcome

The London Frodgall.

Welcome sweet gold and beggery adue.

Enter Vnckle and Father.

Unc. See *Kesler* if you can find the house.

Flow. Whose here, my *Vnckle*, and my man *Kesler*?
By the masse tis they.

How doe you *Vnckle*, how dost thou *Kesler*?

By my troath *Vnckle*, you must needs lend

Me some mony, the poore gentlewoman

My wife, so God helpe me, is verie sicke,

I was robde of the hundred angels

You gaue me, they are gone.

Unc. If they are gone indeed, come *Kesler* away.

Flow. Nay *Vnckle*, do you heare? good *Vnckle*.

Unc. Out hypocrite, I will not heare thee speake,
Come leaue him *Kesler*.

Flow. *Kesler*, honest *Kesler*.

Fath. Syr, I haue nought to say to you,
Open the doore to my kin, thou hadst best
Lockt fast, for theres a false knaue without.

Flow. you are an old lying Rascall,
So you are.

Exit both.

Enter Luce.

Luce. Vat is de matter, Vat be you yonker?

Flow. By this light a Dutch Froe, they say they are calde
Kind, by this light ile try her.

Luce. Vat bin you yonker, why doe you not speake?

Flow. By my troath sweet heart, a poore gentleman that
would desire of you, if it stand with your liking, the bountie of
your purse.

Enter father.

Luce. O here God, so young an armine.

Flow. Armine sweet-heart, I know not what you meane by
that, but I am almost a begger.

Luce. Are you not a married man, vere bin your wife?
Here is all I haue, take dis.

Flow. What gold young Froe? this is braue.

Fath. If he haue any grace, heele now repent.

G

Luce. Why

Luce. Why speake you not, were be your wife?

Flow. Dead, dead, shees dead, tis she hath vndone me,
Spent me all I had, and kept rascalls vnder mine nose to braue
(me.

Luce. Did you vse her vells?

Flow. Vse her, theres neuer a gentlewoman in *England*
could be better vsed then I did her. I could but Coatch her,
her diet stood me in fortie pound a moneth, but shee is dead
and in her graue, my cares are buried.

Luce. Indeed dat vas not scone.

Fath. He is turned more diuell then he was before.

Flow. Thou doest belong to maister *Cinets* here, doest thou

Luce. Yes me doe. (not:

Flow. Why theres it, theres not a handfull of plate
But belongs to me, Gods my Iudge:
If I had but such a wench as thou art,
Theres neuer a man in *England* would make more
Of her, then I would doe, to she had any stocke.

They call within:

O why *Tanikin*.

Luce. Stay one doth call, I shall come by and by againe.

Flow. By this hand, this *Dutch* wench is in loue with me,
Were it not admirall to make her steale.
All *Cinets* Plate, and runne away.

Fath. Twere beastly. O maister *Flowerdale*,
Haue you no feare of God, nor conscience:
What doe you meane, by this vilde course you take?

Flow. What doe I meane, why to liue, that I meane.

Fath. To liue in this sort, fie vpon the course,
Your life doth show, you are a verie coward.

Flow. A coward, I pray in what?

Fath. Why you will borrow sixpence of a boy.

Flow. Snailes is there such cowardice in that, I dare
Borrow it of a man, I and of the tallest man.

In *England*, if he will lend it me,

Let me borrowe it how I can, and let them come by it how
they dare.

And

The London Prodigall.

And it is wel knowne, I might a rid out a hundred times
If I would: so I might.

Fath. It was not want of will, but cowardice,
There is none that lends to you, but know they
And what is that but onely stealth in you, (gaine:
Delia might hang you now, did not her heart.
Take pittie of you for her sisters sake.
Goe get you hence, least lingering here you stay,
You fall into their hands you looke not for.

Flow. He tarie here, till the Dutch Froe
Comes, if all the diuels in hell were here.

Exit. Father.

*Enter syr Lancelot, maister Weathercocke, and
Artichoke.*

Luce. Where is the doore, are we not past it *Artichoke*?

Art. Bith masse heres one, ile aske him, doe you heare sir?
What are you so proud? doe you heare, which is the way
To maister *Cinets* house? what will you not speake?
O me, this is filching *Flwoerdale*.

Lance. O wonderfull, is this leaude villaine here?
O you cheating Roague, you cut purse conicatcher,
V What ditch you villaine, is my daughters graue?
A cozening rascall, that must make a will,
Take on him that strict habit, very that:
V When he should turne to angell, a dying grace,
He fater in lawe you syr, ile make a will,
Speake villaine, wheres my daughter?
Poysoned I warrant you, or knocked a the head: will,
And to abuse good maister *Weathercocke*, with his forged
And maister *Weathercocke*, to make my grounded resolution,
Then to abuse the Deuenshyre gentlemen:
Goe, away with him to prison.

Flow. V Wherefore to prison? syr I will not goe.

*Enter maister Cinet, his wife, Oliuer, syr Arthwr,
Father, and Vnckle Delia,*

The London Prodigall.

Luce. O heeres his Vnckle, welcome gentlemen, welcome
Such a cozoner gentlemen, a murderer too (all,
For any thing I know, my daughter is missing:
Hath bin looked for, cannot be found, a vild vpon thee,

Vnc. He is my kinsman; altho his life be vilde,
Therefore in Godsname, doe with him what you will.

Lance. Marrie to prison.

Flow. Wherefore to prison? snickvp, I owe you nothing.

Lance. Bring forth my daughter then; away with him.

Flow. Goe seeke your daughter, what doe you lay to my

Lance. Suspition of murder, goe away with him. (charge,

Flow. Murder your dogs, I murder your daughter,

Come Vnckle, I know youle baile me.

Vnc. Not I, were there no more,

Then I the Iaylor, thou the prisoner.

Lance. Goe away with him.

Enter Luce like a Frowe.

Luce. O my life here, where will you ha de mane?
Vat ha de younker done?

Wica. Woman he hath kild his wife.

Luce. His wife, dat is not good, dat is not scene.

Lance. Hang not vpon him huswife, if you doe ile lay you
(by him.

Luce. Haue me no, and or way doe you haue him,
He tell me dat he loue me hartily.

Fran. Lead away my maide to prison, why *Tom* will you
(suffer that?

Cia. No by your leaue father, she is no vagrant:
She is my wiues chamber maid, & as true as the skin between
any mans browes here.

Lance. Goe too, you're both fooles: sonne *Cmes*,
Of my life this is a plot,
Some stragling counterfait preferd to you:
No doubt to rob you of your plate and Jewels,
Ile haue you led away to prison trull.

Luce. I am no trull, neither outlandish Frowe,
Nor he, uer I shall to the prison goe:
Know you me now? nay neuer stand amazed.

Father,

The London Prodigall.

Father I know I haue offended you,
And tho that dutie wills me bend my knees
To you in dutie and obedience:
Yet this wayes doe I turne, and to him yeeld
My loue, my dutie and my humblenesse.

Lanc. Bastard in nature, kneele to such a slaue!

Luce. O M. *Fewerdale*, it too much grieues

Haue not stopp'd vp the organs of your voyce,
Then speake to her that is thy faithfull wife,
Or doth contempt of me, thus tye thy tongue:
Turne not away, I am no *Athyope*,
No wanton *Cressed*, nor a changing *Hellen*;
But rather one made wretched by thy losse.
What turnst thou still from mee? O then
I gesse thee wofullst among haplesse men.

Flow. I am indeed wise, wonder among wiues!

Thy chastitie and vertue hath infused
Another soule in mee, red with defame,
For in my blushing cheekes is scene my shame.

Lanc. Out Hypocrite, I charge thee trust him not.

Luce. Not trust him, by hopes after blisse,
I know no sorrow can be compar'd to his.

Lanc. Well since thou weart ordain'd to beggerie,
Follow thy fortune, I desie thee *no*.

Oh. Ywood che were so well ydousled as was euer white
cloth in a tocking mill, and chea ha not made me weepe.

Earb. If he hath any grace heele now repent.

Art. It moues my heart.

Wea. By my troth I must weepe, I can not chuse.

Uncle. None but a beast would such a maide misuse.

Flow. Content thy selfe, I hope to win his fauour,
And to redeeme my reputation lost,
And Gentlemen belecue me, I beseech you,
I hope your eyes shall behold such change,
As shall deceiue your expectation.

Oh. I would che were ysplit now, but che beleue him.

Lante. How, beleue him? *Wea.* By the mackins, I doe.

Lance. What doe you thinke that ere he will haue grace?

The London Prodigall.

Wea. By my faith it will goe hard.

Oh. Well che vorye he is changed: and *M. Flowerdale*, in hope you been so, hold theres vortie pound toward your zetting vp: what bee not ashamed, vang it man, vang it, bee a good husband, louen your wife: and you shall not want for vortie more, Iche vor thee.

Arth. My meanes are little, but if youle follow I will instruct you in my ablest power: (me,
But to your wife I giue this Diamond,
And proue true Diamond faire in all your life.

Flow. Thanks good sir *Arthur*, *M. Otner*,
You being my enemie, and growne so kind,
Bindes mee in all indeuour to restore.

Oh. What, restore me, no restorings man,
I haue vortie pound more for *Luce*, here vang it:
Zcouth chil deue *London* els, what do not thinke me
A Mezel or a Scondrell to throw away my money, che haue
a hundred pound more to pace of any good spotation: I hope
your vnder and your vncle here wil vollow my zamples,
Vncle. You haue gest right of me, if he leaue of this course of
life, he shall be mine heire.

Lau. But he shall neuer get a groat of me,
A Cozoner, a deceiver, one that kild his painefull
Father, honest Gentleman that passed the fearefull
Danger of the sea, to get him liuing and maintaine

Wea. What hath he kild his father? (him braue.

Lance. I sir, with conceit of his vild courses.

Fath. Sir, you are misinformed. (selfe.

Lanc. Why thou old knaue, thou toldst me so thy

Fa. I wrong'd him then: and toward my *M. stock*,
Thers 20 Nobles for to make amends.

Flo. No *Kester*, I haue troubled thee, and wrong thee
What thou in loue giues, I in loue restore. (more,

Fra. Ha, ha, sister, there you playd bo-peepe with
Tom, What shall I giue her toward household?
Sister *Delia*, shall I giue her my *Fanne*?

Del. You were best aske your husband, *Fran.* Shal I *Tom*?

Quet. I do *Franck*, ile by thee a new one, with a longer handle.
Franck.

Frank. A russet one *Frank.* *Cris.* I with russet feathers:
Fran. Here sister, theres my Fanne toward household, to
Luce. I thanke you sister. (keepe you warme.

Wea. Why this is well, and toward faire *Luces* stocke, heres
fortie shillings: and fortie good shillings more, Ile giue her
marrie. Come sir *Lancelot*, I must haue you friends.

Lance. Not I, all this is counterfeit,
He will consume it, were it a Million.

Fath. Sir, what is your daughters dower worth?

Lance. Had she been married to an honest man,
It had beene better then a thousand pound.

Fath. Pay it him, and ile giue you my bond,
To make her ioynter better worth then three.

Lance. Your bond sir, why what are you?

Fath. One whose word in London tho I say it,
Will passe there for as much as yours. (man?

Lanc. VVeart not thou late that ynthrists seruings?

Fath. Looke on me better, now my scarres off.
Nere muse man at this metamorphosie.

Lance. M. *Flowerdale.*

Flom. My father, O I shame to looke on him.
Pardon deare father the follyes that are past.

Fa. Sonne, sonne I doe and ioy at this thy change,
And applaud thy fortune in this vertuous maide,
Whom heauen hath sent to thee to saue thy soule.

Luce. This addeth ioy to ioy, hic heauen be prais'd.

Wea. M. *Flowerdale*, welcome frō death, good M. *Flowerdale*:
Twas sed so here, twas sed so here good faith.

Fath. I caused that rumour to be spred my selfe,
Because ide see the humours of my sonne.

Which to relate the circumstance is needlesse:
And sirra see you runne no more into that same disale.

For he thats once cured of that maladie,
Of Ryot, Swearing, Drunkennes, and Pride,

And falles againe into the like distresse,
That feueur is deadly, doth till death indure:

Such men die mad as of a callenture.
Flom. Heauen helping me, ile hate the course as hell.

Vncl.

Unc. Say it and do it Cozen, all is well. (inaud.)

Lanc. Wei being in hope youle proue an honest

I take you to my fauour brother *Flowerdale*,

Welcome with all my heart: I see your care

Hath brought these acts to this conclusion,

And I am glad of it, come lets in and feast.

Oy. Nay zoft you awhile, you promised to make

Sir *Arthur* and me attends, here is your wisest

Daughter, see which ans' sheele haue. (here.)

Lanc. A Gods name, you haue my good will, get

Oy. How say you then *Damsell*, tyters hate?

Deha. I sir, am yours.

Oy. Why, then send for a Vicar, and chil haue it
Dispatched in a trice so chill,

Deha. Pardon me sir, I meane I am yours,
In loue, in dutie: and affection.

But not to loue as wife, shall neere be said,

Deha was buried married, but a mayde

Arth. Doe not condemne your selfe for euer
Vertuous faire, you were borne to loue. (re)

Oy. Why you say true sir *Arthur* she was ybere to
So well as her mother: but I pray you she w vs
Some zamples or reasons why you will not marry?

Deha. Not that I doe condemne a married life,
For tis no doubt a sanctimonious thing:

But for the care and crosse of a wife,

The trouble in this world that children bring,

My vow is in heauen in earth to liue alone,

Husbands howsoeuer good, I will haue none.

Oy. Why then chil will liue Batcheller too,

Che zet not a vig by a wife, if a wife zet not a vig

By me: Come shalls go to dinner? (lanc.)

Pa. To morrow I craue your companies in *Mark*.

To night weele frolike in *M. Cuius* house,

And to each health, drinke downe a full carouse.

FINIS.



